PASQVILS JESTS:

VVITH

THE MERRIMENTS

OF

Mother Bunch.

Wittie, pleasant, and delightfull.

LONDON,
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Reade the Epistle
or reade no-
thing.

TO THE MERRIE READER.

The description of Pasquill *and Mother* Bunch.

MOst pleasant Reader, my onely ayme in writing this Booke, is but to make thee laugh, and to shorten the tediousnesse of a long winters Evening. Know then, that noble *Pasquil*, the Author of these Jests, was in his time, the onely merry companion, who for Wit, Mirth, Eloquence, and Jovialty, was the merriest Grigg (as saith the Story) that I ever read of. Now for *Mother Bunch*, the onely dainty, wel favored, well proportioned, sweet commplexioned, and most delightfull Hostesse of *England*, she was squared into inches, being in height twenty thousand, and a halfe, wanting a fingers bredth jump, in bredth eleven thousand, and two inches and a nayles bredth just; she spent most of her time in telling of tales, and when she laughed, she was heard from Algate, to the Monuments at Westminster, and all Southwarke stood in amazement, the Lyons in the Tower, and the Bulls and Beares of Parish-Garden roar'd (with terrour of her laughter) lowder then the great roaring Megge, shee was once wrung with wind in her belly, and with one blast of her taile, she blew downe Charing-Crosse, with Pauls aspiring

ſteeple. She danced a Galliard on tower hill, and all the great Ordnance leapt for joy, and London ſhooke as it had been an earthquake; Her quotidian, or daily diet was three fat Oxen, two boyled and one roaſted, with the Intralls: twenty three fat Muttons, and a quarter, with the Heads and Gethers parboyld: fifteen dozen of fat Capons, with the wings and leggs of ſeven dozen of yong Chikens, and to cloſe up her ſtomack, ninety and nine dozen of Larks well roaſted; and forty ſeven dozen of two penny wheaten bread, and to every loafe ſhee drank a tun of her ſtrongeſt May Ale, with Nutmeg and Sugar: Yet ſhee never did riſe from the table (as ſaith the ſtory) but with a good appetite. For her ſigne ſhee perkt up her red noſe, that uſhered her face, red as skarlet, which when ſhee ſtood upright, looked over the City like a blazing ſtar. And when it appeared Bakers made haſt, and Cookes came running, with whole Ovens ful of Pies, to bake at the ſweltring heat which proceeded from her jolly red noſe. A moſt pretious and rich noſe it was, ſet with Rubies of all ſorts, and hung in cluſters like your French Grapes, which being well preſt, yeelded from the abundant goodneſſe five tun of well clarified liquor; She dwelt (as ſaith the Auther) in Cornehill (neere the Exchange) and ſold ſtrong Ale, whoſe health to this day all joviall drunkards never do forget, the many vertues of her Ale is impoſſible for one penne to write. The Dutchmen were her beſt cuſtomers for a long time, untill the report of her Ale had ſpread it all England over. Young men and Maides frequented her houſe, more then either *Pymlyco*, or the now flouriſhing *Tolman-court*.

She raiſed the ſpirits of her ſpiggot to ſuch a height, that

that Maids grew proud, and many proved with childe after it, and being asked who got the childe, they answered, they knew not, onely they thought Mother *Bunches* Ale, and another thing had done the deed, but whosoever was the father, Mother *Bunches* Ale had all the blame.

Shee was an excellent companion, and sociable, she was very pleasant and witty, and would tell a tale, let a Fart, drink her draught, scratch her Arse, pay her groat as well as any Chymist of Ale whatsoever. From this noble Mother *Bunch* proceeded all our great greasie Tapsters, and fat swelling Ale wives, whose faces are blowne as bigge as the froth of their bottle-Ale, and their complexion imitating the out side of a Cookes greasie dripping-pan, and you could hardly goe round about her in a Summer after-noone. Mother *Bunch* lived one hundreth, seventy and five yeares, two dayes and a quarter, and halfe a minute, and died in the prime of her charity, for had she lived but two moneths longer, she had knit Pauls a night-cap, and bought London bridge a payre of Pantoffles to keepe his feet out of the cold swelling water. But shee died, and left behind her these pleasant tales following, which she used to tell those nimble spirits, which drank deepe of her Ale, and as she changed their money, as was generally related.

THese harmlesse lines that have no ill intent,
I hope shall passe in mirth as they were meant,
What I intend, is but to make you sport,
By telling truth to please the wiser sort:
And what it is, that I have aym'd at now,
The Wise may judge, for Fooles I care not, how.

Pasquils Jests, and Mother Bunches *Merriments.*

The Connicatcher and Priest of Paris.

A Lewd knave, a Cheater, espied a wealthy Priest, whose purse was full of money, lately arrived in the City of Paris out of the Countrey to buy necessaries, and with a bold face saluted him, requested his aid in a small matter, concerning a man of his owne calling. What's that (quoth the Priest?) It is (quoth he) this. The Parson of our Towne hath given me money to buy a Surplesse, and I having small knowledge in it, would request your aide in the choyce of a good one, making no question of your good skill. With all my heart (quoth the Priest.) Comming to the shop of sale, the Connicatcher called for some choyce Surplesses, and desired the Priest to chuse out one of the best, which done, intreated him to assay it, whether it were in all points as it ought to be. The Priest was nimble at his game, for it was his daily exercise, but the Cheater found fault with the making, bearing out such an uncomly bulke at his right side. Oh (quoth the Priest) my girdle and pouch is cause of that, and immediately loosed his girdle and pouch, willing the Connicatcher to hold it till he had better girted up the Surplesse as it ought to be. The Connicatcher having as much as he desired, suddenly leapt out of the shop, and ranne away as fast as he could with the Priests girdle and pouch full of money. The Priest turning about, and seeing his purse and money going for religion, made all the haste he could in the Surplesse after the Connicatcher, crying, and calling, Hold the Theefe, Hold

the

the Theefe. The Conni-catcher cried out, Hold the Priest, for hee is mad, and will kill me: the Shopkeeper followed as fast as he could and cried, Stop the Priest, for hee hath stolne my Surplesse. The people halfe amazed at this accident, laid hold on the Priest, but before he could declare his misfortune, the Conni-catcher was gone far enough, not to be caught again in haste. Which caused much good laughter, and the Priest payed for the Surplesse.

The dumbe wife recovered her speech.

A Certaine Farmer had taken to wife a dumb woman, and hearing of a great Magician lately come into England, he tooke horse and rode to him, and demanded if there were no help for a woman that had lost her speech. The Magician answered, Yes, it is an easie matter, and told him hee must take an Aspen leafe, and lay it under her tongue, & it would instantly help her. The Farmer was joyed with this tidings, and returned in haste homewards, suspecting in himselfe the vertue of his new receit, and therefore to make the matter more sure, he tooke three Aspen-leaves, & laid them all three under his wifes tongue, who immediatly began to talk and prate very nimbly, and in the end upon a very small occasion to curse and raile downe right upon her husband as if shee had beene mad. The Farmer was now in a peck of troubles, and posted in all haste to the Magician certifying him of this unhappy accident. The Magician demanded if hee absolutely followed his counsell. The Farmer answered, No, for (quoth he) in stead of one leafe, I have used three, hoping to make the matter surer. Marry then God helpe thee (quoth the Magician) for it is an easie matter to make a woman speake, but to make her hold her tongue is past my cunning. Man, all the devills in hell could never worke such a wonder. Whereat the Farmer much grieved, departed.

A knack for a Cook.

My ſelf was once in Norenberg in Germany, where an old man having his dyet in the houſe where I lay, and comming into the Kitchin the maid complained of a great miſchance. I aſked her what it was? O (quoth ſhe) my Maſter and Miſtreſſe will beat me cruelly, for my Furmety is all burnt to. The old man ſitting by the fire, and hearing the maids complaint, aſked her what ſhe would give him, and he would teach her a trick to alter the taſte of being burnt to, and with no coſt. I will give you (quoth ſhe) two pots of good liquour. Content (quoth the old man) ſend for it preſently, the wench ran in all haſt and fetcht it: the old man began to drink a hearty draught, and gave me alſo. Now (quoth he) your Furmety taſteth of being burnt to; to alter that, take up your cloathes and ſhite in the pot, and I le warrant you it ſhall taſte more of that then of burnt to. The wench had a preſident wit, and replyed baſhfully, I pray (quoth ſhe) do not tell any body, that you have thus deceived me, for then I ſhall be laughed to ſcorn. Marry then (quoth the old man) you muſt give me another pot of Beere for ſecreſſe. With all my heart (quoth the wench) and toke the pot and ran into the Celler again, and piſt in it, bringing it to the old man: He (good old penny-father) was glad of his liquour, and began to drink again, but having taſted it, Out you whore (quoth he) this is no Beere, thou haſt piſt in the pot. True (quoth ſhe) if you can diſgeſt ſhitten Furmety, piſt liquour can never hurt you. The wench was well pleaſed, the old man was angry, and my ſelf ready to burſt with laughter.

The drunken Dutchman.

A Dutchman living in Paris, having drunk more in one day then he had bin in twenty, was walking to his lodging late in the evening, from the Tavern. By chance a maid (intending to empty the chamber-pot) cries out at the window

Gardeleu, that is beware the urin, (as the custome of the City is) the man amazed to heare so shrill a voice so late in the evening stands still and puts off his Hat, and listned for the voice again underneath the Chamber window, she emptying her pot just upon his head, he not dreaming of any thing but the urin, rubs it off his head with his hand, and with somewhat else which was in the pot, all besmeares his head, face, and beard. At last smelling himself to stink intolerably, The devill take thée for a queen, quoth he, you bad me take héed of the Ale-pot, but here is more then half the tost. Which moved much laughter in the mayd.

The Tanner and the Butchers dogge.

A Country Tanner that was ramming hastily through Eastcheape, having a long Pike-staffe on his shoulder, one of the Butchers dogs caught him by the breech. The fellow got loose, and ranne his pike into the Dogs throat, and killed him. The Butcher séeing that his Dog was kill'd, take hold of the Tanner, and carried him before the Deputy, who asked him, What reason he had to kill the dogge? For mine owne defence (quoth the Tanner.) Why, quoth the Deputy, hadst thou no other defence but present death? Sir quoth the Tanner, London-fashions are not like the Countries, for here the stones are fast in the stréets, and the Dogs are loose, but in the Countrey, the dogs are fast tied, and the stones are loose to throw at them: and what should a man do in this extremity, but use his staffe for his own defence? Parry (quoth the Deputy) if a man will néeds use his staffe, he might use his blunt end, and not the sharp pike. True Master Deputy, quoth the Tanner, but you must consider, if the Dog had used his blunt end, and runne his taile at me, then had there been good reason for me to do the like: but I vow Master Deputy, the Dogge ranne sharp at me, and fastned his téeth in my breech, and I again ranne sharp at him, and thrust my pike into his belly. By my faith a crafty knave: quoth the Deputy, if you will both

stand

ſtand to my verdict, ſend for a quart of wine, be friends, and ſo you are both diſcharged.

The fooles Horſe muſt goe on foot.

THe Duke of Saxons Fools rode once behinde a Gentleman in progreſſe, and chancing to let a fart, the Gentleman thruſt him downe backwards, and began to curſe, and ſaid You damn'd Rogue, all farters muſt goe on foot by Act of Parliament. The Foole ſaid nothing but got another horſe, and rode alone: it happned that that Horſe began to fart alſo. The Foole ſkipt quickly from his back, and unbridled and unſadled him, and ſet both ſadle and bridle upon his own head, driving the horſe before him with a ſticke, and began to curſe the horſe, ſaying, you damn'd Rogue, all farters muſt goe on foot by Act of Parliament. Which his neighbours ſeeing, heartily laughed.

A tale of a Scrivener of London and a Countrey man.

IT fell upon a Saturday being Market day, that a Country fellow of a nimble wit, and of the better ſort of husbandry, came to London, to lay out a little money upon ſome neceſſary trinkets: and having diſpatched his buſineſſe after he had prettily refreſhed his ſpirits with a pot of the ſtrongeſt Ale that the Alehouſe could afford him, made homeward very merrily: but by the way casting his eye by chance upon a kinde of writings that ſhewed it to be a Scriveners ſhop, and ſeeing the maſter of the poor houſe, or the poor maſter of the houſe, ſitting alone in a rug gowne, wrapping in his armes, to avoyd the bitter neſſe of the weather, minding to make himſelf a little ſport, fell thus to ſalute the poore Penman: I pray you maſter, what might you ſell in your ſhop, that you have ſo many ding-dongs hang at your doore? Why, my friend, (quoth the Obligation

maker) I sell nothing but Logger-heads. By my fay, master, quoth the Country man, you have made a faire market with them, for you have left none in your shop, but your self that I see: and so laughing went his way, leaving much sport to them that heard him.

A witty answer of a Countrey fellow.

ANother Country fellow, walking London streets, and gazing up and down at every sight he saw, some mockt him, others pulled him by the cloake, in so much he could not passe in quiet. He having as much wit as the boyes knavery, thought hee would requite them for their kinde salutations, with something to laugh at, and to try their wits: and comming to Pauls gate, where they sell pinnes and needles, the boyes being very saucie pulled him by the cloake, and one said, What lacke you friend? another, What lacke you Country man? Quoth the fellow, minding to make himself some sport, I want a head for a humble Bee, or a payre of Spectacles for a blinde Beare: which so amazed the boy, that he had nothing to reply, and the Countrey man went laughing away.

A pretty tale of a poore man and a Lawyer.

A Poore man having bee much injured by an unkinde neighbour, who by the power of his purse would have put him by the right of his land, went to a Lawyer dwelling not farre off, to whom having delivered his griefs, he gave the Lawyer little for his counsell, but a great many thanks, and Countrey curtesies, with God save your life, & so forth: entreating him to let him know when he should come again, and wait upon him for his further advice. Who answered him somewhat short. When you will neighbour, when you will. The poore man, upon this (when you will) came oftentimes afterward to him, but found no will in the Lawyer to speake with him. Whereupon the poore man telling his wife of his ill hap,

was

was advised by her to take one of his best Lambs and present it unto him, and then he should see what would follow; her counsell he allowed, tooke his Lamb, and went to the Lawyer: to whose gate he was no sooner come, but the Lawyer hearing the bleating of the Lamb, opened his Windowe called him up and in two words told him he understood his case and all should be well, wherewith he departed, meeting with his wife going to the Market, after they had beene at the Alehouse, and taken a pot or two of the strongest liquor, the poor man got him up into the Market place: and there having his throat well cleared, made this mad out-cry: All ye that have any matters to try in Law, get ye every one a fat Lamb and carry to your Lawyer: for one word of a Lambs mouth will be better understood of the Lawyer, and doe more good, then twenty of your owne, and he had rather have one eleven shillings peece, then all the Angel in heaven.

Of a Citizen of London, that had a flinging Horse.

A Citizen riding to Edmonton, had his man attending him on foot, who came so neere, that the horse saluted him with a great blow on the thigh. The fellow thinking to be revenged, tooke up a great stone to throw at the horse, and hit by chance his master on the reins of his back. Within a while his Master looked back, and seeing his man come halting so farre behinde, chid him, saying thou lazy knave, why commest thou no faster? Sir, quoth his man, your horse hath given me such a blow on the thigh, that I can goe no faster. Truely, said his Master, the horse is a great kicker, for likewise with his heele right now, hee gave mee a great stroake on the reines of my backe: when indeed it was his man that threw the stone, and came laughing behinde his master.

Of the Countrey man that caught a Cutpurse.

IT chanced on a Bartholmew-day, when men kéep Bothes in Smithfield, a Countrey Gentleman having some store of money (and no lesse honesty) about him, comming to the Faire, would amongst the rest néedes view the pictures at that time hanging in the Cloysters where was then much variety of pictures, personages, stories, landskips, and such like, which carieth away the Senses to a kinde of admiration for the présent: and as he was thus gazing up and down, there comes a nimble diver (as at that time there resorts many) and closes with him, and quickly drawes his purse forth of his pocket, and away he hies him présently: the Gentleman mist his purse, but knew not how to helpe himselfe. Going home to his lodging, and pondering in his minde how either to regain his losses, or to be revenged on the Pick-pocket, at length he bethought himself of this device: he caused an honest Taylor to sew a certain number of Fish-hookes within, and round about the mouth of his Pocket, with the poynts of the hookes hanging downward, and the next day hies him to the same place, in an other Country like habit, and baites his Pocket with more money, and there he stood gazing againe at the pictures, présently his former fish (or one of his fraternity) closes with him again, and dives, which the Gentleman being watchfull of, gives a slip aside, & had présently stucke the nibling fish into the hand, and féeling him fast, begins to goe away, and the more he hastes away, the déeper the hookes went into the Divers hand. Oh (quoth the Pick-pocket) how now Sir (quoth the Gentleman) what makes your hand in my Pocket? Pull it out I say: Oh sir (quoth he) I beséech you be good to me: The people gathering together, imagined the Gentleman had an inchanted Pocket, and that the fellow had not power to pull forth his hand again, they would have him before the Justice. No (quoth the Gentleman) Ile carry him my selfe, so away he went (with the fellowes hand in his Pocket to a Taverne, with two or three of his

his friends, and told him what he had loſt there the day before, and unleſſe he would reſtore it, he would have him before a Juſtice: which match the fellow for feare of hanging, willingly condeſcended to ſurrender. And that ten pound, and ten ſhillings more towards the mending of his Pocket: ſo the Gentleman being well ſatiſfied ript forth his pocket, and away went the Cutpurſe, who had ſo much picking worke to get out of is hands, he could not uſe his trade for a moneth after.

How cunningly a knave deviſed to get money by his wit, for his himſelf and his two companions.

THree doytring companions that fell in company together, domineered and ſwageered ſo long, that all their mony was quite conſumed and gone. So being pennileſſe, and having little or no credit at all left, one of them ſaid. Wee are now in a ſafre taking: for we may, if we pleaſe, ſeek our Dinners with Duke Humphry. Nay, hold (quoth the ſecond) if I come where any preſſe of people be, I can get mony enough for us all. And I (quoth the third) can as eaſily aſſemble people. They were at that time not much above two miles from a ſmall Towne in Barkſhire, where, when as thither they came, there was a new Pillory newly ſet up, which the third of them ſeeing, ſteps to the Bailiffe: and deſires him to have the maiden-head of their new Pillory. The Bailiffe being a Butcher, was half amazed, and ſtanding a while muſing, at the laſt aſked counſell of his honeſt neighbours, and they bad him ſet up the Knave and ſpare not. So he makes no more a doe, but up he went, and when he was up, he looked about, and ſaw his two fellow Cheaters buſie with their hands in the holes of the Butchers aprons, where they put all their money. To it, to it (quoth he) apace. The people laughed heartily to ſee him ſtand there. At laſt, when he ſaw that his fellows had ſped their matters, and were going away, he ſaid to the Bailiffe, Turn the Pillory about, and now I will

will come down. So he laughing heartily, did. And when he was come down, the Baillie said, Now thou art an honest good fellow, and because thou hast made us some sport, I will give thée a Teaster to drink: and thinking to take some money out of the hole of his apron, he found there never a penny. Cockes armes, quoth the Baillie, my mony is picked out of my apron: and then the rest of the Butchers besides swore they had lost theirs also. I hope, quoth the fellow, you do not think that I have it. No certainly, quoth the Baillie, I know well enough thou hast it not: for thou wert on the Pillory all the while. Why then no harm, for I did it to make you merry, quoth the fellow, and so went his wayes.

A Milk-maids answer to a scoffing Companion.

A Scoffing companion walking in the fields, overtook a handsome Milk-maid going a milking being bare-legg'd as in the Country some use to go and thus saluted her. Faire maid, how long have you worn those stockings? Sir, quoth she, these stockings and a payre of Breeches of the same, I have worn this three and twenty yeares, and have but one hole in them, which you may put your nose in. And so she departed laughing.

A merry answer to a merry question.

A Merry Companion going through the streets of London, espyed by chance a handsome Lasse going before him, and with one hand she held up her cloathes behinde, to keepe them from the durt, it being in the middle of Winter, which he noting stept to her, and thus saluted, Sister, will you let a Lease of your taple, you have it in your own hand: Sir, quoth she, if your nose will turn tenant. At which witty answer he laughing departed.

How

How an Usurer lost ten pounds.

AN old Usurer, being a notable fornicator, and keeping a pretty handsome wench to be his Valentine, had in their familiarity lent her ten pounds, and after falling out with her, he demanded his ten pounds again, which she denied: he bringing her before a Judge, who asked her if she had not borrowed ten pounds of this man? No, an't shall please your Lordship, quoth she. Doe you deny that, you had ten pounds of him? No my good Lord (quoth shee) I had ten pounds of him, but he gave it me. For what (quoth the Judge)? For killing and feeling (quoth she.) killing and feeling (quoth the Judge) what's that? My Lord, quoth she, hee kist my (Arse) and felt my Elbow. At which the Judge heartily laughed, and the Usurer lost his ten pounds.

The witty reply of a Sergeant.

IN the famous City of London (in the reigne of William Rufus) a Sergeant of the Mace kneeling before the then Lord Maior, to have a certaine Bill assigned with his Lordships hand, and kneeling somewhat long, being much troubled with the Winde-collick which rumbled in his belly, in so much that he let a great fart, that all the Hall sounded with the loud noise thereof: Another standing by, being much troubled with the same disease, and hearing what had past from the Sergeant, said, Why groane you, my friend? The Maior hearing the businesse, said with a smiling countenance, I never knew but one tell this day a Sergeant had authority to let goe a prisoner, and it is against the Law: God my Lord (quoth the Sergeant) hee was a troublesome knave and crept through the key-hole, and necessity hath no law: which made much good laughter.

A knavish answer of an unhappy Countrey wench to a foolish young fellow.

A Certaine idle headed young man, that loved to here himselfe prate though it were of matter to little purpose, upon a fair day riding to a Market towne, overtook by chance, among other creatures of her own kinde, an indifferent well favoured, and well grown Countrey wench, whom singling by her selfe as much as he could, he fell to discourting with, in an odde maner of love-making: when beginning very low, marking her new hood fast hanging over her dossers, began with this commendation; Truely Sister, you have a very fine hat there. Yea sir (quoth the wench) that I have a couple. The young man thinking to shew some litle wit, in a scoffe replyed with this speech: But are they Twins, Sister; Were they both borne at one time; No indeed sir (quoth the woman) there hath beene a man borne betwixt them. Wherewith her neighbours that rode by her, falling into a laughter, made him finde, that she was a married wife: and he galloped away with a flea in his eare.

A flowting answer to a scoffing question.

A Poore man, upon a time comming into a Market with a very leane horse, setting him neer unto a company of fat and faire Geldings to be sold, was asked of a scoffing companion, how he sold his horse by the ell, which the poore man taking something discontentedly, and yet not willing to quarrell with him, framed himself answer fit for his question: when holding up his horses taile, I pray you sir quoth he come put your nose into the shop and you shall smell the price.

Of

Of a Welchman, how he was ſerved by the Owle.

IN ancient times, I heard of a certaine Welchman that ſojourning all the day long with never a rag of ſilver, but releeved with the charity of well diſpoſed people, which in thoſe parts (being in the heat of Summer) was Butter-milke and Whay, and comming to his journies end for that night, was lodged in a Barne for want of a Bed: the Butter-milke and Whay began to worke and rumble in his belly, ſo that he could not ſleep nor take any reſt, but prayed to his Welch Saint for his aid and helpe. In the morning looking upward he eſpied by chance an Owle ſitting on a beame in his lodging-chamber (namely the Barne) he preſently thought it had been an angell ſent by Saint Davie to releeve his want, cryed with open mouth to his angell, ſaying, One drop of thy mercy good lord, but one drop I beſeech thee: Preſently the Owle ſhit, which he caught in his mouth, who cryed againe, Enough good lord, enough, it is ſomewhat bitter: I ſaid but for one drop, but thou haſt given me two ſpoonfulls. And ſo departed his lodging for that night.

An old Gentlewomans anſwer to a flowting Gentleman.

A Wild headed young Gallant, walking the ſtreets of London, met by chance an ancient Gentlewoman, in an old decayed gowne, that by age was worne thred bare, the Gallant thinking to breake a Jeſt with her, took up the hemme of her garment and kiſt it, which ſhe looked back eſpying, ſaid, I pray Sir what meane you by that? Oh (quoth he) to honour old age: Alas Sir (replied ſhe) you might then have kiſt my Arſe, it is elder then my gowne by forty yeares. And ſo ſhe departed laughing.

Of a woman that sent a new suit of cloathes to Paradise.

A Poore man travelling from doore to doore a begging, being lately come from Paris a City in France, being invited by hunger to a good simple Country Swains doore, to aske his almes: his wife asked him what he was, and from whence he came? quoth the fellow from Paris. From Paradise (quoth she) then thou knowest my old John there (meaning her former husband) I, quoth the fellow that I doe. I pray thee (quoth she) how doth he doe? Faith (quoth the fellow) poore, he hath meat and drinke enough, but wants cloathes and mony. Alas, quoth she, I am sorry for it, I pray thee stay a little; and running up into her Chamber, fetcht downe her husbands new suite of cloathes, and five shillings in mony, and gave it to the fellow, saying, I pray thee remember me to my poore John, and give him this suite of clothes and five shillings from me, and wrapt them up in a Fardle, which the fellow took, and away he went. Presently her husband came home, and found her very pleasant and merry, singing up and downe the house, which she seldome used to doe, and he asked her the cause. Oh husband, quoth she I have heard from my old John to day, he is in Paradise, and is very well, but wants clothes and mony, but I have sent him thy best suite, and five shillings in mony. Her husband seeing she was cozened, enquired of her which way the fellow went that had them. Yonder way quoth she, he presently took his best horse Hob, and rod after him for the clothes. The fellow seeing one ride so fast after him, threw the clothes into a ditch and went softly forward: her husband overtaking the fellow, said, Didst not see one go this way with a little fardle of clothes at his back? Yes, quoth the fellow, he is newly gone into yonder little Wood. Oh hold my horse, quoth hee, whilst I runne in and finde him out. I will quoth the fellow, who presently as soon as he was gone into the wood, took up his fardell, leapt on horseback, and away he went: The man returning for his horse, his horse was gone: then going home to

his

his wife, she asked him if he overtook the fellow. I sweet heart quoth he, and I have lent him my best horse hob to ride on for it is a great long way to Paradise. Truly husband, quoth she, and I shall love thee the better so long as I live, for making so much of my old John. Which caused much good laughter to all that heard it.

Of a worshipfull Gentleman in Lincolneshire, and his man.

A Certaine Gentleman in Lincolneshire, being also a Justice of Peace, had an old servant many yeares called Adam Milford, who upon a time came unto his Master, and desired him, in regard he had been his servant so many yeares, hee would now give him something to help him in his old age. Thou sayest true, quoth his Master, and I will tell thee what I will doe: Now shortly I am to ride up to London, if thou wilt pay my cost and charges by the way I will give thee ere long such a thing, as shall be worth to thee an hundred pounds. I am content quoth Adam, and so payed for all their reckoning by the way. Being come to London, hee put his Master in mind of his former promise that he had made to him. What did I promise thee any thing? Yes, quoth Adam, that you did: for you said, you would give me that which should be worth to me an hundred pounds, for bearing your charges to London. Let me see your writting, quoth his Master, I have none, quoth Adam. Then thou art like to have nothing, quoth his Master: And learne this of me, that when thou makest a bargain with any man, looke thou take a Writting, and beware how thou makest a Writting to any man. This hath availed me an hundred pounds in my dayes. When Adam saw there was no remedy, he was content: but when they should depart Adam staied behind his Master, to reckon with his Hostis, and on his Masters Scarlet cloake borrowed so much mony, as came to all their charges that he had laid out by the way. His Master had not ridden past two miles; but it began to raine apace: wherefore he called for his cloake. His other men made answer, that

Adam was behinde and had it with him. So they shrowded them under a tree, till Adam came. When he came, his Master said all angerly, Thou knave, come give me my cloak: hast thou not served me well, to let me be thus wet? Truely sir, (quoth Adam) I have laid it to pawne for all your charges by the way. Why knave, quoth he, didst thou not promise me to beare my charges to London? Did I, quoth Adam? I quoth his Master that thou didst. Let's see, shew me your writing of it, quoth Adam. Whereupon his Master perceiving he was over-reacht by his man, was fain to send for his cloak againe, and pay the money.

How mad *Coomes*, when his wife was drowned, sought her against the streame.

COomes of Stapleyth hearing that his wife was drowned comming from market, went with certaine of his friends to see if they could finde her in the River: he contrary to all the rest, sought his wife against the streame: which they perceiving, said, He lookt the wrong way. And why so (quoth he?) Because (quoth he) you should look down the streame, and not against it. Nay (quoth he) I shall never finde her that way: for she did all things so contrary in her life time, that now she is dead, I am sure she will goe against the streame.

Of the Farmer in Norfolke, and his Physitian.

A Certain rich Farmer having lain long sick in Norfolk, at last sent for a Physitian from the next Market towne: who when he came, he felt his pulses, and viewed his water: then told them, That he could by no meanes, nor physick escape, the disease had so much power in his body, and so went his way. Within a while after by Gods good help, (who is the only giver of all health) the man escaped and was well againe, and walking abroad, being still very weak and feeble, he met with his Physitian, who being very sore afraid to see him, asked him, if he

he were not such a Farmer; Yes truely (quoth he) I am: Art thou alive or dead (quoth he?) Dead quoth he) I am: and because I have experience of many things, God hath sent me to take up all Physitians I can get: which made the Physitian quiver, and quake, and looke as pale as ashes for feare, Nay, feare not quoth the Farmer, though I named all the Physitians, yet I meant thee for none: for I am sure a verier dunce lives not this day, then thou art: and then I should be a fole to take thee for one, that art more fit to give dogges physicke then men, and so he left him: but the Physitian never left quaking till he was out of his Patients sight.

How merry *Andrew* of Manchester, served a man that would have put him downe in his merry sayings.

ANdrew once was at supper with his friends, and among the company there was one that flouted at his jests and merry conceits. After supper they fell to reasoning among themselves, which was the most reverent part of mans body. One said, The eye: another the nose: a third said, the legge: but Andrew knowing that he that spited him should name the contrary, said, The mouth was most reverent of all. Nay (quoth the other) the part that we sit on is the most reverent: and because they all marvelled why he should say so, he made this reason: That he was most honourable that was first set and the part that he named was first set: which saying contented them all, and grieved Andrew. The next day they all met again, and Andrew comming last, found them sitting all together. And when he had saluted them all, but his enemy, he turned his backside to him and let a great fart in his face. At which the fellow being mightily angry, said, Walk knave with a mischiefe, where hast thou been brought up, Why art thou angry (quoth Andrew?) If I had saluted thee with my mouth, thou wouldst have saluted me again: & now when I salute with my arse, that by thy owne saying is most honourable, thou railest me knave. Then the company fell a laughing at this jest heartily.

The Answer of Mother Bunch to a Promooter.

MOther Bunch kéeping an Alehouse in Cornehill London, had great custome, and got much money, for which some of her neighbours envied her happinesse, and amongst the rest, one envious neighbour séeing her buy much meat against Lent, knowing it strictly forbidden, and of all the rest took most notice of two legges of Porke which shée bought. And about the middle of Lent caused the Constable with a Promooter to search her house, and in searching they found none. Oh, quoth her neighbour, you have two legs of porke in your house, which we must have. Indéed quoth Mother Bunch, I have two legs of porke, but I am loath to lose them they cost me deare, which made the Promooter more earnest then before, and he would have them before he went. Then (quoth she) come downe into the Cellor, and I will shew you them: who coming downe, she tooke up her cloathes behind, and laid her hand to her taile, saying to the Promooter, These be the two legs of porke come smell if they will kéepe whole Easter. At which the Promooter was inwardly vexed, but could not tell which way to help himselfe, and in great rage departed.

Of a Doctor and his man.

A Doctor that was newly commenced at Cambridge, charged his servant that he should not say any thing, but which hée should aske of him. Within a while after, hée invited divers of his friends to dinner, and sent his man to desire another Doctor to come to dine with him. The fellow went, and the Doctor said, I pray you thanke your Master, and tell him that I have very great businesse to dispatch to day. So home, hée comes, and sayes nothing. When the Guests were all come, they staid from going to dinner for the other Doctor. When they had staid till two of the clocke, hée asked his master if he had bidden him come to dinner? Yes, quoth his man, that I did.

And

And why doth he not come? Marry he said that he had other businesse, and he could not come. Why didst thou not tell mée this before, (quoth his Master?) Why sir (quoth he) because you did not aske me. Which caused much good laughter to all the Guests.

The Hartfordshire mans answer to the Abbot of London.

THe Abbot riding in Visitation, came to a place where they had newly built their Steeple, and put out their bells to be new cast. The Abbot comming néere the townes end, and hearing no bells to ring, in a chafe said to one of the Townesmen, Have you no bells in your steeple? Nay Lord, quoth he: Then said the Abbot, Well away your steeple. Why so an't please your Lordship? Because, quoth the Abbot, it standeth void. Marry said the man, we may as well also sell away another thing in our Church as well as that, and better too. What is that quoth the Abbot? Marry our Pulpit (quoth he) for this seven yeares we have not had a Sermon in it, nor I think ever shall, but bells I am sure we shall have shortly.

Of a mad conceited Bulkin.

BUlkin well knowne in divers places for his mad conceits, and his couzenage, upon a time came into Kent, to Sittingborne: and in divers Villages there about set up bills, that all sorts of people young and old, that would come to Sittingborne, on such a day, they should find a man there, that would give a remedy for all kind of diseases: and also would tell them what would happen unto any of them in five or six yeares after: and he would desire but two pence a péece of any of them. Whereupon came people of all sorts, and from all places: so that he gathered of the people that came, to the value of twenty pounds: and he had provided a Stage, and set it up, and placed a chaire where he would sit: and so they being all come in, and every one set in order, he comes to the gate, and takes the mo-

ney from them that gathered it, and bids them looke that good rule be kept, and so they did: also hée bid them by and by sound the drumme, and then he would begin his Orations. He, when they were gone, with all haste gets him to the back-side, and there having his Gelding, gets upon his backe, and away towards Rochester rides he, as fast as ever he could gallop. Now they thinking he had béene preparing of things in a readinesse sounded the drumme. The Audience looked still when he would come: and staying one two or three houres, nay more, thought sure they were cozened. Whereupon one of the company séeing a paper in the chaire on the Stage, tooke it, wherein was written:

Now you have heard the sound of the drumme,
You may all depart like fooles as you come.

Whereupon the men falling to cursing and swearing, the women to scolding, scratching, and biting, were faine to depart like fooles indeed.

Of a Countrey Priest.

IN the old time, when Holy water was in great request, it so chanced, Sir John our Parish Clark méeting in the Church porch on the Sunday morning before Masse, he, with some other Ale-tasters, after they had cleared their eyes with a pot of the best liquor the alehouse afforded, the Parson began to tell them a strange story, and after he had spot and spauld, and wiped his beard where the Ale hung, like the dropping of a Sope boylers Apore: as I was walking (quoth he) in my Orchard, looking upon my ly the Pigs in this great winde, (marke good neighbours what happened) with my Hat in my hand, the wind blew down an Apple, which hit me on the crowne of my head, and astonished me for three houres after, but by cockes-body neighbours, had it béene one of my wives great Pumpions, it had beat out my braines. At which the rest of his neighbours heartily laughed.

Of

Of a rich Widow of Abing-don.

THis Widow desired of a Gossip of hers, that she would helpe her to a husband, not for any carnall desire that she had, but onely to keepe her goods, and to be her Lands, which is hard (saith she) for me to be my selfe. The woman, for all her talk, yet knew she spake against her minde: and therefore three or foure dayes after she came to her, and said, Gossip, I have found an husband for you that is very wise, and worthily given: but he lacks the thing you most of, indeed I am sure you care not at all. Marry (quoth the widow) let the devill take that husband, if he will: for though I desire not the bodily pleasure, yet I would not have him lack that thing, which if we chance to fall out, should make us friends againe.

How finely one sold two loades of Hay.

IN London dwelt a mad conceited fellow, which with his wit lived with Gallants and domineered with good fellowes. Not very long agoe, in Hay-harvest, he gets a Pitchforke on his neck, went forth towards Islington in the morning, and meets with two loads of Hay, comming towards the City to be sold: for the which he bargained with them that owned the same, for thirty shillings. But whither shall we bring them, quoth they? To the Sowne by Smithfield, saith he. And so went his way, and left them: then to the Sowne he went, to the good man of the house, and asked if he would buy two loades of Hay? Yes, quoth the Inne-keeper, where be they? Here they come, quoth he. What shall I pay, quoth the Inn-keeper? Foure Nobles a load, quoth the Pitch-fork. But at last they agreed for twenty shillings. When they were come he had them unload the Hay. And while they were unloading of it, he came to the Inne-holder, and said, I pray you let me have my money: for while my men unload, I will buy some stuffe to have

home with me. The Inne-holder was content, and gave him money, and so hée went away. When the men had unloaded their Hay, they came and demanded their money. I have paid your Master (quoth the Inne-holder.) What Master, quoth they? Marry quoth hée, he that had you bring the Hay hither. We know him not quoth they. Nay I neither quoth hée, but with him I bargained, and him have I paid, with you I meddled not, and therefore go seeke him if you will. And so the poore men were cozened.

Of a young Gentleman that would have kissed a Maid with a long nose.

A young scoffing Gentleman would have kissed a Maid that had somewhat a long nose, to whom he said, How shal I kisse you, your nose is so long that our lips cannot meet; The Maid waxing angry in minde, said, If sir you cannot kisse my mouth for my nose, you may kisse me behinde, whereas I have never a nose. And so she departed.

Of a woman that went to Confession.

ON a time a poore labouring mans wife being at Confession, her ghostly father enquired of her, if there was nothing else that troubled her conscience. She told him yes: but she doubted whether she might be pardoned, yea, or no: Yes no doubt (quoth her Confessor) with true confession, penance, and satisfaction, therefore confesse. The woman (though loath) yet at length confessed unto him, that she had three children, but the youngest was none of her husbands. Oh, quoth he, that is but a small fault, but I may not absolve you untill you have told the same unto your husband: So away goes the woman very much discontented, and pondering in her mind how shée should accomplish this penance, which long she was not about, before she had found a meanes: To be short, her husband comes home weary from worke, after supper makes haste to bed, where hée, his wife, and the youngest child lay all together. No sooner

was

was the man fallne into a ſlumber, but his wife pul eth a ſtiffe pin from her head geare, and pricketh the child in the buttock, the child crying, troubled the man from ſléepe, which made him ſay, What a plague is this to a man that hath béene all day at hard labour, and cannot take his reſt in quiet in his bed, for this bawling brat. Then ſhe would againe prick it, but ſhe ſaid, ſhe could not help it; till at length ſhe counſelled her husband to riſe and fright the child, who preſently roſe out of his naked bed, and cried, Boe Bulbegger. away Bulbegger (quoth his wife) it is none of thy child, and then the next day ſhe was abſolved by her ghoſtly father.

Of a Mountebank and a Ploughman.

A Brace of Swaines being one day at Plough together: the one was a well ordered fellow, the other a young ſtripling (ſuch an one as our common Proverb calleth a Hobberdehoy) the elder holding the Plough, the other driving the cattle, but ſtill as he was driving, he was much troubled with an itching or ſwelling about his groine, which his fellow perceiving, would néeds know what was the matter; with much a doe, at laſt hée ſhewed him, Aye mée, quoth he, this is a dangerous matter, and if thou haſt not ſpéedy helpe, thou canſt not live: What ſhall I doe (quoth the younger?) The elder anſwered, Runne preſently to the town, and enquire for Maſter Doctor, and he will give you remedy. So away runns the fellow to the Mount-ſalver, and raps at his dor, out comes his man, and enquired his buſineſſe, I would ſpeake with Maſter Doctor, (quoth the fellow.) His man anſwered he was not now within. Aye me, ſaid the fellow, I am then a dead man: At which the Doctors man would faine know the reaſon, but he would not tell him: Well quoth the man Ile ſée if he be within. So going up ſtaires to his Maſter (who was then at dinner) he told him what the fellow ſaid, who ſtarting up preſently, came to the fellow, and would néeds know his griefe: who preſently ſhewed all, and ſaid, Without your help there is no life for mee. This is dangerous indéed (quoth the Doctor) but we will have ſpéedy

remedy, and calling to his man, bad him fetch a bucket of cold water, and bathe the swelled member therein, who did so, and presently the fellow was recovered: Then asking his Doctor what would content him; Nothing of thee (quoth the Doctor) thou art but a servant, & if thou art troubled at any time with this disease, I will helpe thee for nothing. So the fellow taking his leave with many thanks he departed. Now the Mountebank made hast to his dinner again, and smiling to himself as he sate at his table, his Wife would needs know the reason of his smiling: Nothing, said he, wife: Pray you (quoth she) let me know, at which he answered, It was not fit for her to know it: then she was more importunate then before, that at length she must needs know it: at which tale of his she smiled, but it would not out of her minde. Well, the next day the fellow was troubled with the same disease, & to the Doctor he must needs come again: It chanced so, that the Doctor was walked into the town and she had sent her man on an errand, at length the fellow comes and knocks at the doore: then she steps forth to the doore enquiring his business. Marry (quoth he) I must speake with master Doctor: she answered, he was not within: then cryed he out and said, he was but a dead man. Oh (quoth she) you were here yester day, I pray you come in, I can helpe you with more ease then before. Can you (quoth the fellow) I pray you use your skill. So having him into an inward room, shee made triall of her skill. Then the fellow thanking the Doctors wife, departed to his work again, and running thorow the towne the Doctor, was sitting in his Apothecaries shop with certaine Gentlemen laughing at what had hapned the day before; and as he was thus speaking, the fellow came by (Quoth the Doctor) ponder is the fellow. Ile lay any wager he hath been now at my house: and calling him to him, asked if he had been troubled with his former disease. I (quoth the fellow.) What you are but a diver, and you shall help me no more, your wife doth cure it farre better, and with more pleasure, and she bids me come every houre (if you are forth) she will helpe me presently. At which the Doctor hung downe his head, and was inwardly vexed: the Gentlemen heartily laughing.

The

The Lawyer and the Devill.

TWo Country men being at law, and great suits had been betwixt them, and much money spent in hope to have an end: a friend comes to one of them, and tells him his Adversary had removed his suit into another Court: at which the other replied, Let him remove it to the devill if he will, I am sure I shall have a Lawyer to follow it.

Of a Gentleman that asked a Lady forgiveneſſe.

A Certaine conceited Gentleman, on a time falling out with a Lady, in a cholerick humour called her Whore, which Lady taking it in great disdaine, to have her Ladyships name thus scandalized, would by all meanes possible have him to the Spirituall Court, and either prove her so as he had reported, or else to abide the extremity of the Law. But certain friends on both sides, wrought with the Lady, & telling her, he was but a fantastick, and a kinde of a mad man, and that it would be more for her Ladiships honour to forgive and forget, seeing all the world knew her chastity without the least spot or blemish: she at last condescended upon this condition that before certain of her friends, & his, he should aske her forgiveneſſe in the same place he had so wronged her. To conclude, the Gentleman was willing, and so comming amongst them all, he kneeled before her Ladiship, and spake these words following: Madame, I called you Whore ('tis true,) I am come to aske you forgiveneſſe (I am sory for it,) you are no Whore, (I lie) Well (quoth the Lady,) I freely forgive you with all my heart: but take heed how you abuse a chaste Ladies reputation hereafter.

How

How drunken *Mullins* of Stratford dreamed he found gold.

MUllins being drunke, and lying in his bed, dreamed that the devill led him into a field to dig for gold: and when he had found the Gold, the Devill said, Thou canst not carry it away now, but mark the place, that thou maist fetch it another time. What marke (quoth Mullins?) With pilgrime salve (quoth the devill) for that shall cause every man to shunne the place, and for thee it shall be a speciall marke. Where he did so. And when he awaked, he perceived he had foully bewrayed his bed. Thus betweene stink and dirt, up he rose, and made him ready to go forth. And last of all, he put on his hat, wherein also the Cat had shit: so, for great stink, he threw away his hat, and was faine to wash his head. Thus all his golden dreame was turned to a ———

Of a young woman of Barnet that sorrowed for her husbands death.

IN Barnet was a yong woman, that when her husband lay a dying, sorrowed out of measure, for feare that shee should lose him. Her father came to her, desiring her to be contented: for he had provided her another husband, a far more handsome man. But she did not onely continue in her sorrow, but was also greatly displeased, that her father made any motion to her of any other husband. As soone as her other husband was buried, and the Sermon was done, and they were at supper, betweene sobbing and weeping, shee reioyced her father in the eare, and said: Father, where is the young man that you told me should bee my husband, for very shortly I purpose to be married. At which her father suddenly fell a laughing.

A poore Beggers answer to a rich Citizen.

A Poore begger, that was soule, black, and loathsome to behold, came to a rich Citizen, and asked his almes. To whom the Citizen said, I pray get thee hence from me, for thou lookest as though thou camest out of hell. The poor man perceiving he could get nothing, answered, Forsooth sir, you say truth, I came out of hell indeed. Why didst thou not tary there still, quoth the Citizen? Mary sir (quoth the begger) there is no rome for such poor beggers as I am: all is kept for such Gentlemen as you are.

A tale of the Countrey-womans answer.

A Country-woman walking along the high-way towards the Market, it being a cold frosty morning, was compelled to unburthen her self of Natures due, and it happened to be on the top of a hill: no sooner had she ended, but two Countrey fellowes, strangers unto her, came by the same way: one of them willing to make himself merry with this accident, he thus salutes the poor woman. Good wife (quoth he) in our Country when the Hens lay an eggs, they use to kuckle. It is true indeed (quoth the woman) and so would I have done too, my friend, but that I fear'd such a knave as thou art, would have stolen my egge. Yet to save your longing, take one mouthful, and be gone. The Country-woman went laughing away, he having not a word to reply.

The subtility of *Kindlecoale* the Lawyer repayed with the like craft.

There was an unthrift in London, that had received of a Merchant certain wares, which came to fifty pounds, to pay at three moneths, and at three moneths: but when he had it,

he consumed and spent it all: so that at the six moneths end, there was not any left to pay the Merchant: Wherefore the Merchant arrested him. When he saw there was no other remedy, but either to pay the debt, or go to prison, he sent to a subtill Lawyer, and asked his counsell how he might clear himself of that debt. What wilt thou give me (quoth he) if I do? Five marks (quoth the other) and here it is: and as soon as you have done, you shall have it. Well, said the Lawyer, but thou must be ruled by my counsell, and do thus: When thou comest before the Judge, whatsoever he saith unto thee, answer thou nothing, but cry Bea, still, and let me alone with the rest. So when he came before the Judge, he said to the Debter, Dost thou owe this Merchant so much money? Bea (quoth he.) What beast (quoth he?) answer to that I aske thee. Bea (quoth he again.) Why how now, quoth the Judge? I think this fellow hath gotten a sheeps tongue in his head: for he answereth in the sheeps language. Why sir, quoth the Lawyer, do you think this Merchant that is so wise a man, would be so foolish, as to trust this Idoot with fifty pounds worth of ware, that can speak never a word? Nay sir I warrant you. And he perswaded the Judge to call the Merchant in his own suit. And so the Judge departed, and the Court brake up. Then the Lawyer came to his Client and asked him his money, since his promise was performed and his debt discharged. Bea (quoth he,) Why, then needst not cry Bea any longer, but pay me my money. Bea (quoth he again.) Why, thou wilt not serve me so, I hope (quoth the Lawyer) now I have used thee so kindly. But nothing but Bea could Master Lawyer get for his paines, and so was fain to depart with a flea in his eare.

Of the woman that desired her husband might go to the Devill.

ON a Winters evening a Country husbandman went to fetch his wives Kine home to milk, and driving them into the backside, her forgot to shut the gate, and hee comes into the house, sits him down by the fire side: the Kine finding the gate open ranne trotting and lowing downe the durty lane, toward the field, and the mans daughter looking forth at the doore and seeing them, cries out to her mother, Faith my father is a fine man, I think the Kine are gone to the devill, shall I goe after them? No (quoth her mother) daughter you are too hasty: Let your father goe, he's wiser, he has his wits about him.

Of a Gentleman of Norfolke and his Host.

A Gentleman of Norfolk, as he was riding towards London in the Winter time, and sitting by the fire side with his Host, untill supper could be made ready, there happened a Rabbit to be at the fire a roasting, which the Gentleman perceived to bee very leane, as he thought, Quoth he unto his Host, We have Rabbits in our Country, that one will drink a pottle, and taste it selfe. The Inkeeper wondred with himselfe, and did think it to be a lie, but would not say so, for manners sake, and because he was his guest: but thinking to requite him, Now truely, quoth he, it is very strange: but I can tell you of as strange a thing as that: Which the Gentleman was desirous to heare. Quoth he I had as fine a Grayhound as any was in England: and if I had happened to goe abroad to my grounds, the Grayhound would alway go with me. And sometime there would start out a Hare before me, which my Grayhound would quickly catch. It fortuned that my dogge died, and for very love that I bare to him, I made me a bottle of his skin, to carry drinke withall. So, one time in hay harvest, my folkes being making of hay in my grounds, and the weather

hot, I filled my bottle with Beere, to carry to them, lest they should lack drink. And as I was going along, there starts a Hare out of a bush before me: and as it was my custome, I cryed, Now, now, now. My bottle leaping from my girdle, ran and catcht the Hare. What (quoth the Gentleman) me thinks that should be a lie. Truly sir, said the In-keeper, so did I think yours was. The Gentleman perceiving that he was requited for his kindnesse, held himself contented.

A tale of a Gentleman and his man.

A Gentleman upon a time having a man that could write and read well, rebuked him one day for idlenesse, saying, If I had nothing to do, like thee, I would to recreate my wit, set down all the soles I knew. The fellow making little answer, take his pen and inke, and as his Master had wished him fell to setting down a Catalogue of the soles that he was well acquainted with: among whom, and first of all, he set down his Master, who reading his name, would needs know the nature of his folly. Marry, quoth he, In lending your Cozen twenty pound this other day: for I think he will never pay you. Yea, but (quoth his Master) what if he do pay me? then (quoth his man) I will put out your name, and put down his for a sole.

The King of France his reward to a Miser.

The King of France, Charles the fift, being presented by a poor Gardiner, with a Turnep of a huge greatnesse, gave him for his reward five hundred crowns, giving him charg to lay it up, and keep it safely for him, till he did call for it. Which bounty being noted of all his Court and chiefly observed by one covetous rich officer of his house, caused him, in hope of some greater recompence for a greater present, to present his Majesty with a faire and goodly horse: which the King thankfully receiving,

receiving, noting his miserable nature, and that his gift rather did proceed from hope of gain, then good will, called for the Turnep; wherewith he rewarded the miserable Asse: at which, he no lesse fretted, then all that saw it heartily laughed. And so I wish all such Churles to be served.

The answer of a Gentlemans man to his Master.

A Worshipfull Gentleman in London, having on a time invited divers of his friends to supper to his house, and being at supper, the seruing men's coming in, the first was one of the Gentlemans own men, bringing a Capon: and by chance stumbling at the portall dore, the Capon flew out of the platter and ranne along the board to the upper end of the table where the Master of the house sate, who marking a jest of it, said, By my faith, it is well, the Capon is come first, my man will come anon too, I hope. By and by came his man, and takes up the Capon, and layes it in the platter, and sets it on the board. I thank you sir, quoth his Master, I could have done so my self. I, quoth his man, it is an easie matter, sir, for one to do a thing when he sees it done before his face.

Of a drunken fellow that fell in the fire.

There was a notable drunkard of Rochester, whom his wife perswaded as much as in her lay, to leave that sinne: but the more she spake, the worse he was, and because she controuled him, he would all to beat her. So she let him alone: and because his use was still to stay out till almost midnight, she went to bed, and bad her Maid sit up for him, and make a good fire: and the maid did as her Mistresse commanded. One night when he came home, the Maid let him in, and he stood by the fire and warmed himself: but his head being so heavy for his body, anon he fell into the fire along. The Maid came crying,

crying, O Mistresse, Mistresse, my Master is falne into the fire. No matter Paul (quoth she) let him take his pleasure in his owne house where he will himselfe.

Of King *Henry* and the Countrey-man.

KIng Henry riding on hunting, in the County of Kent, hée came by chance to a great gate, that he must néeds passe thorow, and in the way finds a Ploughman, to whom the King said, I pray thée good fellow open me the gate: the fellow perceiving it was the King, stood like an image, and said, No, and it shall please your Grace (quoth he) I am not worthy to be in that office, but I will fetch Master Cooper (which was a Justice) that dwelleth but two miles hence, and he shall open you the gate. And so came away as fast as ever he could, leaving the King to open the gate himselfe.

How a woman to hide a small fault, shewed a greater.

A Woman of Rome had for some cause shaven her head, and newly as she had put off her kerchief off her head, one of her neighbours called for her hastily into the street. When her neighbour saw her so, she blamed her for comming abroad bare-headed. She remembring her selfe, whipt up her cloathes from behind her, over her head. And so to hide her head, shée shewed her bare taile.

Of a Boobee.

IN Coventry two trades-men falling at words, the one called the other Rogue, Rascall, Villaine, Base fellow, with many other reproachfull termes of disgrace. The party thus wronged told the other he was a Boobee, and still whatsoever the other said, he replyed, Thou art a Boobee, and I will prove it: then departing in a great chafe: his adversary laughing,

and

and going in great anger through the City, at last met one of his neighbours, of his familiar acquaintance, and after some conference, told him, That there was a great falling out betwixt himself and such a neighbour, and named his Adversary shewing also how many reproachfull termes he had given him, and still he called him Boobée, and he was desirous to know what a Boobée was: Why, said his friend whom he met, give me but a quart of wine, and I will tell you what a Boobée is, which he willingly condesended to do. Being in the Tavern, one pint was called for with sugar, and still he was desirous to know the meaning of a Boobée, Nay stay (quoth his friend) we must have the other pints, so it was called for too, and the reckoning by him paid for: he now desired to know what a Boobée was. Quoth his friend, a Boobée is he that being married a twelve month and a day, and hath not séen his wives Concupiscence, he is a Boobée and no other. Nay then (quoth the Boobée) he saith true: for one night as she lay sleeping, I went to sée her Merkin, and comming with the candle, and softly pulling up the cloathes, she up with her legges and let a Fart, which blew out the candle, after which, I durst not attempt any more, at which his neighbour heartily laughed, and he remained a Boobée.

A Jest of a plain Country fellow.

A Plain country fellow, riding along the high way, met by chance a Coach, and therein was sitting a very handsome Gentlewoman in rich attire. The plain Country fellow seldome having séen a Coach before, admired at the sight he saw, thinking it had béen some heavenly vision: Travelling thus with admiration, he presently méets with a Gentleman riding after the Coach a good pace, whom the Country fellow thus saluted, God save you sir, I pray you what Lady rides in yonder whirling house. It is (quoth the Gentleman) the Quéen of of Spades, good honest man. I thought so indéed (quoth the Country fellow) the Knave of Clubs posts after so spéedily.

A Gentlewomans witty answer.

A Gentleman walking the fields for his recreation, overtook by chance a Citizens wife, which was a very handsome proper bodied woman, with a goodlegge and fat, which gave him great content, seldoms having seen the like, and going forward to see her face, which done, he thus saluted her. Faire Lady, had I liked you as well before, as I do behinde, I would have made bold to kisse you. Sir, quoth she, I pray you leave your complements, and kisse where you like. At which sudden answer of hers the Gentleman departed, having not wit equall to reply.

How a mad man in Glocester-Shire answered a Gentleman.

IN Glocester Shire dwelt one that cured frantick men in this manner: when their fit was on them, he would put them in a gutter of water, some to the knees some to the middle, and some to the neck, as the disease was on them. So one that was well amended, standing at the gate, by chance a Gentleman came riding by with his Hawks, and his Hounds. The mad fellow called him, and said, Gentleman, whether go you; On hunting (quoth the Gentleman.) What, do you with all those Kites and Dogs? They be Hawks and Hounds, quoth the Gentleman. Wherefore keep you them (quoth the other?) Why (quoth he) for my pleasure. What do they cost you a year to keepe them? Forty pounds (quoth the Gentleman.) And what do they profit you (quoth he?) Some ten pounds (quoth the Gentleman.) Get thee quickly hence, quoth the fellow, for if my Master finde thee here, he will put thee into the gutter up to the throat.

Of

Of an Hermit by Paris, that lay with all the chiefest Gentlewomen in the Countrey.

This notable knave that under colour of holines, enticed all the chiefest Patrons of the Country to folly; at last, his doings were detected and knowne, and he was brought before the duke of Anjoy, which to heare the number of them, for his pleasure, called his Secretary to write them downe. The Secretary bad him recount them. The Hermit named to the number of seven and twenty of the Dukes servants wives, and others, and then stood still and said nothing. Is there no more (quoth the Duke?) No, and it shall like your Grace, (quoth the Hermit.) Well troth, quoth the Secretary, for if thou dost not, thou shalt be sharply punished. Then said the Hermit, sighing, to make up the eight and twenty, write thine owne wife in the number. Whereupon the Secretary for very griefe let fall his pen. And the Duke laughing hartily, said, I am glad that he that with so great pleasure, hath heard the faults of other mens wives, should now come into the same number himselfe.

Of a holy Sister.

A Sister of the purer sort being at home alone, and her husband walked abroad, a brother of her acquaintance came to visit her, who after some salutations (and having this opportunity) the spirit began to worke, and he must have a bit to stay his stomack: well, there needed no great siege when the fort is willing to yeeld, in the meane time one knocks at the doore. Oh (quoth she) verily we are both undone, there is my husband at the doore. Aye mee my holy sister (quoth hee) what shall I do? Hide (quoth shee) my pure brother your selfe on the Tester of the bed. So up he got, were he lay in a pitifull feare. Shee comming to the doore, another bird of the same feather saluted her, saying, Deare sister, I met thy husband abroad, and now

I am come to visit thée at home. Oh (saide she) he will not stay. Ile ieopard a iount (quoth hée) and into her chamber he rushes, where he said he would use her neither better nor worse then he did his owne wife: she being loath becaus of her other companion on the Tester of the bed, but he would have no denial, and she durst not séeme to strange because of her former familiar acquaintance: Well, you may imagine what you please, but in the meane time her husband knocks at the doore indéed, what shift to make with her second love she knew not, nor must shée stand to consult, yet at last she willed him to créepe vnderneath the bed to hide himselfe. Then her husband comming into the Chamber, found the bed tumbled, and other such like suspition, and enquired of his wife who had béen there, for hée had some cause of jealousie; Verily (quoth she) sweet husband, here hath béen no body since you went. Thou liest like a whore (quoth he.) Surely (quoth she) there is one above knowes all. The man on the top of the bed hearing her say so, and thinking shée meant him, answered, You lie like a queane, there is one vnder the bed knowes as much as I doe. Whereby they were both discovered.

Of a Maid that would have her Maidenhead againe.

A Country young Girle of the age of fiftéene, was to be married on the Sunday following, and on the Thursday before shée came to London to buy a Hat, and her mother gave her nine shillings to buy a Hat and Band, and bad her buy as handsome a one as shée could. The Maid came to London, and at Ludgate-hill lighted into a shop, where by chance the Master being a Batchelor, and within, séeing a handsome Maid, shewed her the best and of good price. Shée said she had not so much to give as he demanded. Why sister (quoth the Haberdasher) if you have not money, I will take your Maidenhead for payment for my hat. Maidenhead (quoth the Wench) what's that. Why come up into the next roome (quoth hée) and I will tell you; which she willingly did, what he did with her you may imagine,

imagine, but he had her Maidenhead and gave her the Hat. The Wench very glad of this good fortune of having her money againe, and a new Hat too, went home very merrily to her mother, and shewed her her new Hat, which her mother liked exceeding well: But (quoth she) what didst thou pay daughter for it? A small matter (quoth the daughter) and I have my money too. What (quoth her mother) daughter, I hope you have not stolen it? No (quoth her daughter) mother, the Haberdasher gave it me. For what (quoth her mother?) he would have no money: Mother quoth she he desired to have my Maidenhead, and had it, and gave me a quart of wine too, and this new Hat and Band. Out thou whore, quoth her mother, goe take money with you, and go to London againe and fetch your Maidenhead of him, and pay him for his Hat. Which she did, and comming to Ludgate hill, divers askt her what she lackt, at last she espied him, and gave him the Hat; who called her in, and up staires they went. Sir quoth she, my mother hath sent me for my Maidenhead againe, and I have brought you money for the Hat. That thou shalt (sweet heart, quoth he) and made no more adoe but presently toke her into his Chamber as before. At which jest there was exceeding good laughter.

Of the two Travellers.

Sir Gregory Fobbe, a great travellor, meeting at an Ordinary, began to relate to Sir Lionell Loudlier, what strange wonders he had seene in his long and tedious travels, as travellers may lie by authority, quoth he, I have seene a Cabbidge so bigge, and great, that it covered a peece of ground above seven acres, & an Army of fifty thousand fighting men stood to save them from the raine under the leaves of it, and had not one droppe of raine fall upon their Armour. Oh, quoth Sir Lionell Loudlier, that is nothing to the strange wonders I have seene, for in my travells I have seene a Caudron a making so huge

and bigge, that three hundred and fifty men wrought on it, driving in the nailes with great hammers, and they stood so farre asunder, the one could not heare the other knock. But (quoth sir Gregory Fobbe) what was that Cauldron made for? (quoth sir Lionell Loudlier) To boile your great Cabidge in, and to parboile their tongues that told so loud a lie, Which great wonders moved much good laughter.

The answer of a witty Country Maid.

There was a company of merry Youths walking from Hamsted, foure miles from London, met by chance two Countrey witty Wenches, going from London with Baskets on their armes: quoth one of the men, Faire Maid, what news at London? Oh sir (quoth one of the Maids) God send you better fortune then one had at London to day. Why (quoth one of the men) what was the matter? Sir (quoth the Maid) as he lay sleeping in the fields, Pies came and pickt a hole in his taile, so big you can hardly cover it with your face. And so the Maid departed laughing.

A prety tale of a Bridegroome and the Bride.

A Man of middle age, having been a notable wencher in his youth, and making love unto many, promising marriage unto them, untill he had his pleasure of them, and then he cast them off as his fancy served. At last was suiter to one wiser then the rest, (that had formerly been so served in trusting to the promises of young men, they having had their wills of her, he finding he could not prevaile, thought her honester then the rest) and would needs marry her, and did so, and to his wedding invited all those with whom he had lien, and wished them to bring every one a Bride-cake, which they did. His Bride at night asked him what all those Cakes were, that so kindly brought so many Cakes. Those Maids (quoth he) I have lien withall

withall every one, and as many more and promised them marriage untill I had my will of them, which if I could have had of thée, I would never have married thée. I (quoth shée) have béen often so served, and if I should have bidden all those men bring Chéeses which have lien with me, we should have had Cake and Chéese enough for this twelve moneth. Which the Bride-Maids hearing, fell into a great laughter, and all was discovered.

Of him that did talke and prate, and knew not the Law.

A Notable yong Rogue, having plaid some notable knavish pranke was for the offence to be whipt, and as hée was ready to be tied to the Cart, hée said to the Beadle that should whip him: Here is ten shillings for thee, I pray thée use mée kindly, and deale not too cruelly with me: to whom the Beadle promised great curtesie; but being tied fast to the Cart, hée whipt him very severely. The fellow called unto him, and bad him remember his promise: What knave (quoth the Beadle) do'st prate, and talke and knowest not the Law. Afterward being released hée bethought himselfe how he might be revenged on the Beadle, and séeing him stand in the Market, pickes a pocket, and puts the purse into the Beadles pocket, and goes to the Fellow, from whom he had stolne the purse, saying, Friend do you misse nothing? who presently cryed out, saying, He had lost his purse. Ponder Beadle hath it (quoth hée) and you shall finde it in his pocket, I saw him take it. The man that had lost his purse goes unto the Beadle, and apprehended him, for his purse, who utterly denied he had it, neither knew of any such matter. But being found about him, he was condemned to die for it. The pick-pocket being imprisoned againe for some small fault, desired he might be hangman for that day, and it being granted: When the Beadle came to be hanged, Sirrah (quoth the pick-pocket) do you remember how you whipt me the other day when I gave you ten shillings. I (quoth the beadle) I pray thée forgive me, I am now ready to dye. I, sirrah (quoth hée)

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thank me for it, for I pickt the purse and put it in your pocket. With that the Beadle began to cry aloud, saying, Hold, hold, What knave (quoth the pick pocket) do'st talke, and prate, and knowest not the Law. And so he turnd him beside the Ladder.

The Irish mans welcome into England.

A Nuntravelled Irish man intended to see England, and arriving at London, chanced to light on a Barbers shoppe, supposing by his cluster of Basons hanging at the dore, it must of necessity be some penny-pottage Ordinary: and wanting the language, entred the shop, and pointed to his mouth, meaning some victuals to stay his hunger. The Barber gathered by this signe, that the poore fellow had pain in his teeth, and desired to have one pluckt out; willed him to sit downe in his Chaire, and approached with his dismall instruments towards the fellows chaps. The Irish man began to wonder at this strange kinde of feeding, giving the Barber to understand (so well as he could) he was never brought up to that kinde of feeding, & with an unmannerly thrust bad him, Avant. The Barber half discontented, tumbled the Irish man with his Chair upside down, who sprawling on the ground began to seeke after the dore, and made as much haste to his lodging as he could: where meeting with one of his Country-men, he prayed him of all loves to depart this Country of England, and returne to that worthy Ireland. For (quoth he) the de'ill dwels here, and no honest men, since when a poore stranger makes shew of hunger, the knavish Inhabitants will beak out mens teeth like dogs, and so send us to our Country againe with never a toth in our heads: which caused much good mirth to all that heard it.

The

The Gentlemans debt paid, when his beard was shaven.

A Gentleman of Franckford in Germany, had borrowed of a Jew (of the same town) a thousand Duckets, and missing his day of payment, he sought from time to time to absent himself from his Creditor. Not long after, the Jew espied him going into a Barbers shop, and ran presently and fetcht a couple of Serjeants to arrest the debter, now at the Barbers a trimming. Which done, the Jew came and found the Gentleman halfe shaved, and demanded whether hee would instantly discharge his debt, or accept the arrest. The Gentleman being driven to a nonplus, caught sudden hold of his sword and asked the Jew, if hee would not attend till his beard was all shaved. The Jew answered, Yea with all his heart. Why then (quoth the Gentleman) Barber and Serjeants beare witnesse what the Jew hath promised. Contented quoth the Jew.) Wel Barber, then I will not have my beard shaven this twelve-moneth. The Jew began to stamp, curse, and ban, and finally procured the Serjeants to carry him before a Governor, who well considering the matter, dismissed both the gentleman and the Jew, as both free men, without further challenge of debt, untill the Gentlemans beard was all shaven, which till his dying day he never suffered. And the Jew lost his money.

A Jest, saving your reverence, worth the laughing at.

IN a City, I finde not where, met a company, I know not who, and about I know not what: but after that they had laid their heads together, to conclude upon a thing of nothing, as the use is of such kinde of people, fearing to surfet of fasting, they got them to dinner, where, when their bellies were full of wine, their braines set their tongues to worke about wonders: and having made a great noise to little purpose, they fell to questioning:

questioning among themselves, what was the rarest thing in the world. One, he said, the Phenix because there was but one, and she killed her selfe, and lived againe of her owne ashes. Another said a Diamond, because it would write in glasse: another said, a Parrat, because it would speake like a man: another said, a true friend, the world was so full of falshood: another said, Gold, for that it wrought wonders in the world: and another said, Love, because it robbed wise men of there wits. but while they did thus differ in their opinions, one merry companion being willing to say his minde, upon a sudden falling into a laughter, told them they were all fooles, for he knew a rarer thing then all they: which they desiring to know, he told them it was a sweet arse-hole. Whereat every one holding themselves by the nose, left off their talke, and laughing at the fole, rose from the table.

Of a Parish Clarke.

OFten have I heard my Grandmother tell, that in her dayes a Parish Clarke of London, having bin a notable good fellow, sitting up all one Saturday night at Cards, with some of his bone Companions, so that upon Sunday he was very sleepy, in so much that as Master Parson was at Sermon, he fell fast asleepe: when the Minister had ended his Sermon, it fortuned he was still fast asleepe, which a neighbour espying, not willing to have it seen, steps unto him, and pulls him hastily by the sleeve, who as it seemed was a dreamt of his last nights play, and presently starte up, crying with a loud voice, Hold, hold, a paire of knaves and one and twenty: which caused much good laughter to the Parish, and he was dismist of his place.

A quicke conceit of a witty Wench.

AN honest Country Farmer, whose wife was great with child, and longing for a paire of wood Pidgeons, intreated her kinde husband, by all meanes possible to procure them, who against the next Sunday most carefully did as his wife had willed: This plain dealing man (hearing the last peale to Service) away he hies him: In the meane time his wife, good woman, thinking the [illegible] till she had satisfied her longing desire, with all expedition causeth her Maid to lay the Pidgeons to the fire, and being but halfe roasted, she made a quicke dispatch. In the meane while, Service being ended, her husband inviteth the Vicar of the Parish (being a Batchelor) to dinner, which he most kindly accepted. Comming home together, the good man bids him welcome, and brings him into his Hall, where the cloath was already laid, and called to his Wife and Maid to bring away the meat, his Wife having eaten the roastmeat, and seeing the Vicar to bine there, was much abashed. But, quoth the Maid, Dame let it not trouble you let me alone to salve the matter. Well quoth her Dame, that shall be tried. Then the good man stepping forth at the back-door, in comes the Wench to Master Vicar, and tels him, Oh sir, if you tender your office welfaire, as I doe, with all expedition be gone, for my Master being [illegible] of you, hath invited you to dinner, and hath [illegible] to cut off both your stoffes, and when you [illegible] her knife on the Cart wheel, (as she knew well he usually did) then look to your [illegible] which presently her Master did indeed: at which sight away runs sir Domine, not knowing of the Pidgeons, but remembering what the Maid had told him: Presently the Maid comes with open mouth to her master, & tels him the Vicar had run away with her Dames Pidgeons, and it would cost her life if she had them not againe: at which, the good man minding nothing but the Pidgeons, made all the haste he could, running after the Vicar with his naked knife in his hand, and said, Come again Master Vicar I beseech you, let me have but one, my Wife longs for

one of them. Master Vicar runnes away, and sweares not one, no not one, quoth he, if it would save thy life thou knave, I prize my ware at a better rate, At which witty conceit of the Maids the Mistresse heartily laughed.

A pretty tale of a Complainant, that cried to a Judge for justice, yet refused it when it was offered.

ONe Dromo, a certaine Tiler, sitting upon the ridge of a house, laying on certaine rose tiles, looking backs, and reaching somewhat too far, for a little morter, that lay by him, fell backward, and by good hap, fell upon a man that was sitting under the house, whom with his fall he bruised to death, but thereby saved his owne life. Not many dayes after, a sonne of the dead mans, caused this man to be apprehended for murther, and having him before the Judge, cried unto the Judge for justice: who asking of the prisoner what he could say for himselfe, received this answer: Truly sir, I never thought the man any hurt, neither did I thinke to fall: but since it was my hap to hit upon him to save my life, if it please your Lordship, I am contented that he shall have justice: for my selfe, I had no malice to his father, though I see he hath a great deale to me: but let him doe his worst, I care not, I aske no favour: let him go up to the top of the house where I sate, and I will sit where his father sate: let him fall from the place as cunningly as he can, and fall upon me to save his life, I will be contented. The Judge seeing the mans innocency, and how farre he was from intent of any evill to the man whom he had slaine, willed the Complainant to take this course for his contentment: which he refusing, was dismissed the Court, and the Prisoner thus by his wity answer released.

How

How a Merchant lost his purse between Waltam and London.

A Merchant that dwelt elles betwixt Ware and London lost his budget, wherein was a hundred pound, who caused so proclaime in all Villages and markets Townes, that who so had found the same, and would restore it againe, should have twenty pounds for his paines. An honest Husbandman that chanced to finde it, brought it to the Bailife of Ware, and required his twenty pounds for his paines, when he delivered it. When the covetous Merchant understood this, & that he must needs pay twenty pound for the finding of it, he said, There was one hundred & twenty pounds in the Budget, and so would have had his owne money, and twenty pound over, so long they strove, that the matter was brought before a Justice. When the Justice understood by the Bailife, that the cry was made for a budget with a hundred pound in it, he demanded where it was. Here (quoth the Bailife) and gave it to him. Is it just an hundred pound (quoth the Justice?) Yes (quoth the Bailife.) Hold (quoth the Justice to him that found the Budget) take thou this money to thy use, and if thou happen to find a Budget with an hundred and twenty pound, bring it to this honest Merchant man. It is mine. I lost no more but an hundreth pound (quoth the Merchant.) You speake now too late (quoth the Justice) for your covetousnesse hath beguiled your selfe.

The jealous Merchant.

A Rich Merchant of London had a very fair woman to his wife, and was exceeding jealous of her honesty. It happened that hee had occasion to travell into the Countrey, and therefore intreated his wife to grant him one request before he went. What is that (quoth shee?) Onely this, quoth he, that whosoever comes to speake with you untill my return home, you shall alwayes answere No: which shee promised to performe. The next morning hee departed, and presently after dinner came a Gentleman to have spoken with the Merchant, demanding of the servant for his Master: Hee is (quoth the servant) gone into the Countrey. Where is then your Mistresse (quoth the Gentleman?) the servant answered, so he is above sir. The Gentleman went up, and found her at her booke, and demanded if she were the Mistresse of the house? she answered, according to her promise, No. The Gentleman asked it then the Mistresse of the house were within: she answered No, the Gentleman was half angry at the servant, for informing him falsely, and went downe, demanding why hee had thus mocked him. Sir, quoth the servant, that Gentlewoman that you spake with, is Mistresse of the house, but my Master hath willed her to answer to all demands nothing else, but No, as fearing her inconstancy. The Gentleman went up again, and began to look more amiably upon the Merchants wife, demanding if she were displeased at his comming? shee answered No. No: at this kisse (quoth he?) shee answered, No. But would you bee offended, quoth he, if I should supply your husbands place this night? she answered, No: so the match was made, and the next morning the Gentleman departed. About a moneth after the Gentleman passed by the Merchants house, and espied him and her sitting at the doore, saluted them, and told him, that it was not long since that he had been there to have spoke with him, but the Mistrsse of the house answered to every question, No: perceiving this, I demanded if a kisse would offend her? shee answered, No: whereupon I demanded, if shee would bee dis-

pleased

pleased if I should that night supply the place of her husband? she still answered, No: The good woman seeing all was like to be betrayed, began secretly to winke upon the Gentleman: which hée perceiving, presently altered his tale into a dreame: And when I awaked out of this strange dream (quoth the Gentleman:) Now by my troth sir, quoth the Merchant, if it had not béene a dreame, I would verily have sworne it had béene my wife.

The Maids answer to a Serjeant at Law.

IT so fortuned in the heat of Summer, the weather being very hot, that a Serjeant & a Counsellor at Law would meds take a paire of Oares at the Temple, to goe to Westminster by water: No sooner were they landed upon the staires, but presently the Serjeant spieth a good big fat Wench, with her back towards them stooping, and washing of clothes, (as is usuall so to doe:) the Serjeant willing to make some sport with the Maid said unto the Counsellor, Looke here brother, here is a Wench hath a good bigge fat paire of bunches. I sir (replied the Wench) if you had blowne as much winde into them, as I have blowne out of them, they would have béene so bigge, you could scarce have codered them. At which ready and witty answer, the Counsellor most heartily laughed, and the Serjeant was much discontented.

A Souldier prest to beare a Musket.

A Rude German, and unlettered in the art Military, seeking service under the States of Holland, was presently admitted to chose his weapon, either Musket, Caliver, or pike, which he pleased: demanding therefore what pay was due to a Musket-bearer: answer was made, five Crownes a moneth. Marry then, quoth he, my Father's Asse would prove an excellent Souldier, for Ile warrant him to carry twenty; if they be orderly laid upon a good back-saddle. At which the Souldiers much laughed at his simplicity.

A dying mans profer.

A Younger brother of a great house in Germany, was committed upon a action of Robbery, and being convict, and sentence of death pronounced against him, he was very male-content, wherefore the Preacher came and sought by religious perswasions to comfort him, telling him he should be of good cheere, for his next meales meat should be in heaven with God and all his holy Angels. Faith, quoth the Robber, I have small appetite to any heavenly food at this time, but if you will take the dinner for me, I will give you twenty shillings to discharge the shot. Which caused much good laughter to all that stood by.

A

The

The tale of the Souldier and the Barber.

IT fortuned not long since, that a Souldier comming to a Barbers shop to be trimed, sitting in the Barbers Chair, the better to passe away the time, began to relate unto the Barber some strange passages which in the wars he had véene a spectator of, (for he judged the Barber by his looks to be a silly fellow.) And amongst the rest of one of his fellow Soldiers, who was so exceedind active and nimble at his weapon, that if fire or eight Musketiers standing fire score of ground from him, discharged at him, hée would catch all their bullets severally upon his Rapiers point. That was very strange, and in my judgement beyond beléefe (quoth the Barber,) imagining it to be a notable lie, bethought with himselfe how to requite he tale, the Barber said, Sir, wée have below in this stréet a Church, which being out of repaire, they had a ladder containing fifty two Rounds set against the stéeple, and a labouring man going up the said ladder, did let at every step going up, one Fart, and two at every Round comming downe. The Souldier hearing the Barber thus flout him, rapt out a great oath, saying thou beastly knave, dost thou compare Martiall feats of warre to your base horse tricks, and runnes out of the shop with his beard halfe trimmed and halfe untrimmed into the stréets in a great fury, in so much that all the people laughed at the Souldier to fée him come out of the shop so disguised.

A tale of the revenge of a Scold.

A Mad fellow newly married, had onely one young child by his wife, of some quarter old, whom he dearly & tenderly loved, but he was much given to good fellowship, & she altogether addicted to sparing and good huswifery: still he used to come merry home from the taverne from his boone companians, to

her

her great griefe, she being as sparing of her purse, as prodigall of her tongue, for she was little better then a Scold, would oft upbraid him with his expences of money, and time, and to be so often drunk was prejudiciall both to his estate & bodily health, and that it were far better to spend that at home in his house, then in a Taverne: with such Matron-like speeches, alwayes concluding her exhortations with a vow, that if ever he came home again in the like pickle shee would (happen what would come) fling the child into the Moat, (for the house was moted round.) It happned shortly after that he revelling till late in a cold frosty Winter evening, she having intelligence by her scouts where hee was, made no doubt hee would come home flustred: she commands the Infant to bee conveyd to the farther part of the house, and to wray the Cat in the blankets, put it in the Cradle, and there sit and rocke it. Presently comes her husband, she fals to her old lesson of quarrelling with him, and hee with her, ill words begot worse, much lewd language past betwixt them. The woman suddenly steps to the Cradle, (having spied her advantage) I have long threatned thee a mischiefe, and that revenge I cannot worke on thee (come boggs, come devils) I will insist on thy Brat in the Cradle, instantly snatched it up in her armes, and ran with it to the Moat side, and flings it into the middle of the water: the poore man much affrighted, leaves to pursue her, and leaps into the water, up in mud and water to the very chinne, crying, Wave, oh save the child: now waded he in the Moat in a very bitter cold frost, till he brought out the Mantle, and with much paine and danger comes to the shore, and still crying, Alas my poore childe, opened the cloathes; at length the frighted Cat cryed Mew, and being at liberty leapt from betwixt his armes, and rann away. The husband both amazed and vexed, the woman heartily laughed at her revenge, and the poore man was glad to reconcile the difference, before she would either gide him fire or dry linnen.

The

The fooles tricke to fatten the Popes Horse.

I have heard it reported, that the Pope had a horse, who for many excellent qualities was by him very highly esteemed, in so much that he made good the old Proverb, Too free to bee fat: for let his Groomes use the utmost of their skill, yet would he not be fat, of which the Pope complaining daily to his Cardinals, Priests, and Gentlemen, in a great fury threatned his Groomes to turne them away, if they could not finde a meanes to fatten his Horse. May it please your Holinesse (quoth his Foole or Jester standing amongst the rest) I will teach you how to fatten him quickly. Let me heare thou foole (quoth the Pope) it is good sometimes to heare a foole speak, for a Fooles boult is soone shot. May it then please your Holinesse (quoth the Jester) make him a Cardinall, for so long as they are inferiour men, they like thin and leane; but once Cardinall, and ever after as fat as fooles.

A pretty tale of two Friers.

A Knight that had served in the warres in France in the time of Henry the fift, and now retiring to live in his owne Country, had a wife a vertuous and faire Lady, and having abundance of living, thought of some pious worke for his soules health, thereupon built a faire Church, joyning to his house a Monastery for twelve Friers and an Abbot, with meanes accordingly. In this Convent were two Friers, Frier John, and Frier Richard, these were still at enmity, and could not bee reconciled. It was the custome of the Knight and his faire Lady to rise to morning Matiens, her affability and curtesse bred in Frier John a strange uncivill boldnesse, and still with duckes and cringes would attend her comming forth, and she withmodesty returned thankes (nothing suspecting) which so incouraged him, that he writ a letter unto her, setting downe a great deale of unnecessary love, which shee admiring, shewes her husband, who presently caused an answer to be writ, and her name

set to it, which did appoint Frier Iohn the next night to méete her in such a chamber about midnight: which being sent, Frier Iohn reades with exceeding joy, and prepares against the time: The time now come, away to the Chamber goes Frier Iohn, where the Knight and his man méets him, and strangleth him. The déed being done, the Knight begins to thinke of the foulenesse and haynousnesse of the fact by him and his man committed, presently casts about what to doe with the body. At last he resolves to carry him into the Friery, which was (as I said before) at the end joyning to his house, by his man gets the friar, and by a ladder conveyed him downe into the Monastery, and sets him upright on the house of office. Now Frier Richard was troubled with a great cold, which all the house take notice of, by reason of his often going to the stole: and so comming by mere light (for so it then was) to the proly, drawing néere, sees one there before him, which hée perceived to bée his old Sanctuary Frier Iohn, Frier Richard being in haste, calls him away, but he would not stirre, hée growing angry, take up a brickbat, throwes it at Frier Iohn, hits him on the breast, downe falls Frier Iohn all along, not speaking a word, then steps Frier Richard to helpe him up and finding him starke dead, supposing he had kil'd him, what shall he now do, the gates are fast lockt, flye he cannot: presently remembring the whispering of Frier Iohns love to the Lady, and espying a ladder, caries the body into the porch of the Knights Hall. While this was doing, the Knights conscience much perplext, calls his man to sée if none were up about his house: his man going down into the Hall, findes in the porch the body of Frier Iohn returned, which presently hée acquaints his Master with, who almost astonished, resolves to try some other project: he remembers an old stallion that had béens a horse of service, cold standing in his stable, and withall an old rusty armour hanging in his Armory, commands both instantly to be brought, with a case of old Pistols, and a Lance: the horse is sadled and capacisons, the armour put upon the Frier, and hée fast bound to the seat, the Lance tied to his wrest, his headpéece clasped on, and bender up, the shirts of his gray gowne, served for Vases: thus being completly armed,

med, they purpose to turne him out without either a Page or a Squire to attend him. Whilst these things were thus sitting, Frier Richard in the Monastery no lesse perplext in mind then the Knight, dreading the strictnesse of the Law, casting all his wits about, thinkes it the safest way to be gone: knowing the Miller néere hand to have a Mare, and being himself fat of body, thought better trust to foure legges then two, set upon the Mare, and at broake of day out at the gate goes he. Just at the same time when the Knight set forth the Knight arrant, the horse sents the Mare, and after her gallops: Frier Richard looking backe, amazed to sée an armed Knight pursue him, for he might partly discerne his face, by the Moone, away flyes hée through the stréets, after him (or rather after the Mare) spéeds the horse. With the noise the people are wakened out of their sléepes, and looke out of their windoses: it was Frier Richards ill hap to ride into Tuene-aguise Lane, that had no passage through, there Frier Iohn overtakes him, and the horse mounts upon the Mare, and with his violent motion the rusty armour makes a terrible noise. Frier Richards guilty conscience cries out guilty, guilty of the murder: at which words of murder the people being amazed run out of their beds into the stréets, they apprehend miracles, and be confessed wonders, but withall the barbarous fact of murdering one of his owne Convent. The grudge betwéene them is knowne, Frier Iohn is dismounted and sent unto his grave, Frier Richard to prison be arraigned, and by his owne confession condemned. But before the execution, the Knight knowing his owne guilty conscience, posts presently to the King, makes his owne voluntary confession, hath his life and goods (for his former good service) pardoned him. Frier Richard is released, and the accident still remaines upon Record.

The finding of a Cuckold, and the frighting the devill.

There was a time when a great disputation was held in hel what this thing Cuckold should be, since all sorts of people whatsoever examined by Lucifer & his three infernall Judges, denied themselves to be the same. It was therefore agreed amongst them to send one of the most ingenious devils, by surveying the earth to finde this strange and uncouth creature, and if it were possible to bring him thither alive. With this Commission away goes the devill upon the earth, and shewes himselfe in the forme of a Gallant, thrusts himselfe into the society of all sorts of people: the Country man knowes not what it means, the Citizen denies himself to be the man, the Souldier with oathes out-faces the name, the Lawyer will arrest him upon an action of slander that sayes he is the man, the Courtier by no manes will endure to be the man: in so much that the poore devill was ready to depart to his house of darknesse: being meditating of his ill successe, at last fell into an Ordinary, where a Citizen being at dice with a company of Gentlemen, having woane all their money, and not willing to lend it them again, one of them in great rage call'd him cuckold, at which word the devill grew joyfull, having found the man so much desired, and said with himselfe, this is my purchase, and shall be my prise, and bought a great bagge to put his new purchase in. To cut off circumstances, he desires to walke with him a turne or two in the fields, where drawing him into an uncouth place, he appears unto him in an ugly hairy shape, and tels him from whence he came and to what purpose, therefore wished him quietly to creepe into his bag: the man amazed began to struggle with the devill, who laid violent hands upon him. It happened that neere unto this place a poore man was digging of gravell, there lay by the edge of the pit a lusty Mastiffe dog (which had beene a Beare dogge) seeing the Fiend and the man contend, thought (it seemes) the Fiend had beene a beast of the game, up skips the dogge to take the devill by the throat, who presently

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FINIS.

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How a Welchman stole a Bull.

There was a Welchman that wanting money, and not knowing how to come honestly by it, going through a pastore, there stud in his way a Bull with a cut taile, it came into his mind that he had better drive that Bull to the Faire, (for there was a Beast-Faire but six miles off) and there to make money of him, then to play the Theese and steale. But one thing troubled him much, which was, lest the owner should pursue him, and then he might hap to look through a hempen window, therefore hee procured a beasts taile, and very cunningly fastned it to the Bull, so that he had a very faire taile: so to the Faire he drives him, and takes up his place upon the Rivers banke. But the Market proved so slow, that the owner came before he had sold him, and viewing the Bull well, said to a neighbour of his, Had this Bull a cut taile I would sweare it was my Bull, which the Welchman hearing, said to him, Sir will you sweare this is your Bull? Sure said the owner, if hee had a cut taile I should sweare it. I will try that quoth the Welchman, and presently hee steps to the Bull, and with his sword cuts off his taile above the place where he had fastned the false taile, and so throwes it into the River, saying, Now sir, will you sweare it is your Bull? The man seeing the Bull bleed extreamly, was afraid, and away he went, leaving the Welchman to make the best he could of his Bull.

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